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THE  
TEARS OF ALNWICK.

A  
PASTORAL ELEGY,  
IN MEMORY OF THE LATE  
ELIZABETH, DUTCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,  
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
EARL PERCY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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*Sunt lachrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt.* VIRGIL.

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BY HENRY LUCAS, ESQ.

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

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L O N D O N;

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THE ARTS OF AFRICA

BY A. S. LUGAS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I. THE ARTS OF AFRICA

BY PERMISSION

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

FOR THE COLONIES

AND THE WEST INDIES

BY HENRY LUGAS

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE





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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

E A R L P E R C Y.

MY LORD,

**A**T a Time, when the Spirit of Patronage seems to have fled the Land; when Subjects of just Praise, of Gratitude and Virtue, seem sunk in the Abyfs of Satire and Scandal; every Lover of the Muses, every Friend to Literature, must rejoice to see a Person of your Lordship's Distinction, and acknowledged Services to the State, giving new Vigour to the honest Efforts of Genius, by your most polite Encouragement, and Reception of the Author.

Though just Concern, and a more perfect Sense of the distinguished Virtues of the Deceased, might furnish sublimer Ideas, and enlighten the Fancy of the meanest Poet; yet, as the Firstling of my Muse, my first Offering at the Altar of the Public; permit me, my Lord, while I claim their Tendernefs and yours, to express my Gratitude for the Reception of this little Piece, as hastily conceived, as executed, to answer the late sudden, and

mournful

mournful Occasion: nor can I omit my best Acknowledgements to your noble Father, for the honour of his kind Approbation.

Thus emboldened, I present to your Lordship this second Edition; happy to congratulate you, and the Kingdom, on your Return to your native Land, the approved Inheritor of the Spirit of your Ancestors, and of that extensive Generosity, which endeared the Deceased to all Mankind.

Indulge me only to add; that, as Panegyric, however just, seems as dissonant to the present Taste, as it is grating to the ingenuous Mind; I should still conceal my Name, were it possible, after your Lordship's elegant Permission to prefix yours; and would also deprive me of the Honour of fully expressing the sincere Respect, with which I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's much obliged,

obedient, and very humble Servant,

London,

June 14, 1777.

HENRY LUCAS.



How trembles ALNWICK, once the blissful seat  
Of joy and splendour in her Parson's state!

THE

# TEARS OF ALNWICK,

## PASTORAL ELEGY.

ALNWICK—FIDOR—THERON.

THERON.

THERON.



FIDOR! observe, what sudden change on high,  
Like as the deluge of the world were nigh!  
Observe, how darkness sheaths the wide ex-  
panse,

And the gloom thickens, nearer we advance!

Observe how NATURE'S beauties seem to fade,

Like as the springs of action were decay'd!

As we approach, behold those mantled tow'rs,

What ruin nods from their convulsed pow'rs!

How

How trembles ALNWICK, once the blissful seat  
Of joy and splendour in her PERCY's state!  
Canst thou divine the cause?

FIDOR.

Believe me, friend!  
These silent monitors some ill portend!  
And if thy anxious, sympathetic mind  
Would penetrate the sorrows of mankind;  
If NATURE's tenderest feelings overflow,  
Impatient to partake another's woe;  
Advance we nearer, and more fully scan  
What new affliction to the sons of man!

THERON.

Lead on, good FIDOR! the sad cause we'll trace,  
If possible, relieve our suffering race!  
And mark! what dismal object strikes the view,  
Pensive and sad, beneath yon drooping yew,  
Whose shade funereal, black as awful night,  
Scarcely unfolds him to our darken'd sight!

FIDOR.

Soft steal we forward, and observe him near!  
Mark, what convulsive pangs his bosom tear!

Behold



Behold the soul-impassion'd, melting sigh,  
 The tears that burst, indignant, from his eye!  
 The starts of terror, and of wild dismay,  
 The looks averse, that frown upon the day!  
 As from the world, and from himself he'd run,  
 And ev'ry means of comfort fondly shun,  
 Like one, whose hopes were vanish'd into air,  
 Nor human consolation worth his care,  
 He seems the living portrait of Despair!

**THERON.**

Never thro' life such anguish have I known!  
 —My soul participates of ev'ry moan—  
 Then say, my FIDOR! how to learn from whence  
 This sorrow springs, that preys upon his sense!

**FIDOR.**

Soft you a while! methinks I'gin to trace  
 The alter'd lineaments of ALNWICK's face—  
 ALNWICK, the soft'ring genius of the place!  
 Who yon proud tow'rs has honour'd with his name,  
 And each exalted high NORTHUMBRIA's fame!

**THERON.**

Their praise I oft have heard, as down the steep,  
 The tuneful shepherd sung it to his sheep;

Who

Who gambol'd to his fate along the plain,  
And seem'd to catch the raptures of their strain—  
This well-fung praise more animates desire—

**FIDOR.**  
Gently, my friend! restrain this youthful fire!  
GRIEF on herself must voluntary play,  
Ere she admits ev'n FRIENDSHIP's kind alloy.

But see! he steals from out the gloomy cell!  
Safe and more near, we may observe him well,  
Behind this rooted yew's stupendous shade,  
For secrecy and silence aptly made!—

**ALNWICK.**  
My noble mistress!—my fond pride and boast!  
NORTHUMBRIA's glory! gone—for ever lost!—

**HERON.**  
ANGUISH devours his speech! the flowing tears,  
—Mute, sad interpreters of inward fears!  
Roll copious—see, he wipes them from his cheek!—

**FIDOR.**  
Silence a while—he labours much to speak!—

**ALNWICK.**  
6



ALNWICK.

Droop, ye aspiring tow'rs!  
 Wither, ye flighted bow'rs,  
 By PERCY honour'd, oft with garlands spread!  
 Sink, ye desponding Hills!  
 Silence, ye trickling Rills!  
 Let not your murmurs speak,  
 Nor sad remembrance wake,  
 How oft we've convers'd down the sloping glade:  
 Alas! she's now no more! dear PERCY's dead!

FIDOR.

Muse not, my friend! that GRIEF absorbs his speech,  
 Tongue cannot tell, nor human language teach  
 The various acts of CHARITY divine,  
 That rank'd ELIZA brightest of her line!—  
 But hark again!—his pangs yet more allay'd,  
 We'll venture to accost him from the shade!

ALNWICK.

Adieu, ye once-lov'd walls!  
 Adieu, ye gilded halls,  
 Once the proud residence of PERCY fled!  
 Ye drooping cedars, bow!  
 Your tops, ye pines, sink low!

B

And

And thou, funereal Shade!  
With CYPRESS thick inlay'd,  
Down to the center stoop your wither'd head!  
Your mistress is no more—great PERCY's dead!

THERON.

Let us accost him!—Humble tho' our lot,  
Kind ALNWICK's favour shines upon our cot;  
Scorning the vain distinctions of the great,  
The honest shepherd's welcome to his state!  
Thence are we known; as all who tend their flock,,  
Adown the vale, or near this rifted rock!

FIDOR.

See—your impatience, or his wakeful fear,  
Has giv'n th' alarm!—let's gently venture near.

ALNWICK.

Soft—some intruders, who my pangs would know,  
Or preach vain Patience to another's woe!  
'Tis faithful FIDOR! THERON too! whose reed  
Oft fung her praises to the echoing mead!  
Welcome, my friends! if Anguish welcome gives,  
Where nought, but SORROW, in the bosom lives!

FIDOR.



FIDOR.

In such distress, no welcome do we claim,  
But to attune our reeds to PERCY's fame!

ALNWICK.

Such is the test of friendship!—to me now

The only privilege these pangs allow!

Begin we then, and let th' elegaic strain,

In doleful numbers, float adown the plain!

Descended from a race

Of heroes brave,

Foremost in ev'ry grace,

Their land to save,

ELIZA, dear ELIZA, sprung to fight!

Within whose faithful breast,

Record so fam'd

Of their great acts confess,

Her soul inflam'd,

To live their glory, as their rival bright!

Thence loving, and belov'd

Of human kind;

Thro' life's whole course she prov'd

Her feeling mind,

To heal AFFLICTION's pang, make anguish slight!

That in each envied sphere  
 Of mortal pride,  
**VIRTUE**, her only care,  
 Her sacred guide,  
 In each relation made her Earth's delight;  
 And now enthrones her in the realms of light!

**THERON,**

Who can hear this, and not, in **SORROW**'s lore,  
 In pity to mankind, her loss deplore!

**FIDOR.**

All **NATURE** grieves, while you, to **Merit** just,  
 Discharge the mournful tribute to her dust!  
 But now the living due compassion need,  
 While **TRUTH** for ever consecrates the dead!

**ALNWICK.**

You but anticipate the chaste design,  
 My love extends to all the princely line;  
 But how severe the difficulty lies,  
 To pour the balm of **COMFORT** on surprize.—  
 Surprize so sudden, unsuspected blow,  
 Ev'n on the day **LUCINA**'s joys should flow!—

Who



Who hence will trust the Goddess of their birth,  
When the same day resigns 'em back to earth!

—  
THERON.  
—

Might I presume to commune with your sense,  
'Tis from SENSATION grief or joy commence!  
And from that contrast, and REFLECTION dear,  
Prove we NORTHUMBRIA's fate, beyond compare,  
Exalted high 'bove reach of worldly care!  
This well thou know'st, learn'd GENIUS of the place!  
Who long has shar'd the blessings of the race!  
Thence from co-union, and most pure concern,  
The ways of Comfort apter can discern!—

ALNWICK.  
—

No time for flattery—swift let's raise the note,  
And let the modulations louder float  
Along the breeze, to yonder mossy cell,  
Where the sad CHIEF and CONTEMPLATION dwell!  
So may they reach him, steal upon his soul,  
And the chaste melody his pangs controul!  
Again I'll lead—trace NATURE to her source,  
Pursue her thence, in her unerring course;  
Compare the dates of sublunary joy,  
How transient, intermingled with alloy;

Thro'

Thro' chequer'd life, unsettled in the scale,  
PLEASURE and PAIN alternately prevail;  
The former sports a moment with the beam—  
Like the rash flutterer around the flame.—  
Short time, alas! the counterpoise endures,  
Preponderating GRIEF her weight ensures!

FIDOR.

Wifely and apt have you describ'd the cheat  
Of frail MORTALITY'S uncertain state!  
Shall then NORTHUMBRIA'S Chief presume to reign,  
In more than mortal bliss, devoid of stain?

ALNWICK.

Not so, my FIDOR! well the hero knows  
His own condition, as another's woes;  
In wisdom perfect, as of soul refin'd,  
Himself to bear, and sooth the troubled mind!

THERON.

Thanks, gentle Spirit! who hast giv'n a scope  
To sensible reflection, and new hope,  
That as his glories rise above compare,  
In mortal calendar, their virtues here  
May from remembrance rigid CARE disarm,  
And SORROW vanish at REFLECTION'S charm!

ALNWICK.



ALNWICK.

With this intent I came—but such my grief,  
 It quite absorb'd me, and defer'd relief,  
 'Till bright'ning Reason, and your friendly aid,  
 Have well reviv'd me for the virtuous deed!  
 Come then, and take a retrospective glance;  
 And let IERNE'S trophies first advance;  
 A fond spectator, silent in the train,  
 I witness'd all the wonders of their reign;  
 Where the firm soul ne'er knew CORRUPTION'S sway,  
 Nor INTEREST'S seduction led astray;  
 But in munificence, as virtue great,  
 They added lustre to the royal state!

THERON.

“May this remembrance rigid CARE disarm,  
 “And SORROW vanish at REFLECTION'S charm.”

FIDOR.

You raise my wonder to trace back the whole!

ALNWICK.

Long the recital were, as Pole from Pole!  
 Yet, by short contrast with the latter times,  
 (As Virtue's best explain'd by others crimes)

Learn:

Learn and compare! in that, then happy, land,  
 No AVARICE stretch'd out her griping hand;  
 No public officers, by compact rais'd,  
 The donor's palm with share of profits greas'd!  
 No mitred chief—O Symoniac curle!  
 Paid annual tribute to the Vice-roy's purse!  
 Or ere the Crozier to his hand were given,  
 Abus'd his soul, in open sight of Heaven!  
 Such things were not—

THERON.

“So may they CARE disarm,  
 And SORROW vanish at REFLECTION's charm!”

FIDOR.

But that your truth, like as your wisdom's, clear,  
 I should misdoubt such vices any where!

ALNWICK.

Your inexperience well I can forgive—  
 But trust me, friends! the hateful records live!  
 Nay more—there has been seen—O HONOUR's stain!  
 Of knaves, buffoons, and parasites, a Reign,  
 Where VIRTUE was repuls'd with loud disdain!

Where



Where sycophants partook vicegerent sway,  
And nightly revels sham'd the coming day!

TUDOR.

My honest indignation swells apace---

ALNWICK.

Then drop the veil upon the times disgrace!  
And view another, PARSIMONY's heir,  
SAVING, his God; his Night, his Morning Prayer;  
Within which narrow compass, are confin'd  
Those virtues, which, enlarg'd, would serve mankind;  
To which alone true dignity aspires,  
Without which, falsely glare AMBITION's fires;  
Such were not---but methinks a rising frown;  
Commands to spare the frailties not his own---

THERON.

Yet from the contrast what effulgence spreads,  
Like radiant glory over fainted heads;  
" May the remembrance rigid CARE disarm,  
" And SORROW vanish at REFLECTION's charm!"

ALNWICK.

ALNWICK.

Bring but the warlike PERCY into view,  
The spell's compleat; RELIGION's rights ensue!

FIDOR.

At best our numbers, and too gentle strain,  
The praise of war unworthily sustain;  
But when the trump's shrill voice, and clarion's throat,  
The ratling drum, and life's ear-piercing note,  
With horrid clangour, softer hymns confound,  
And all th' ATLANTIC trembles with the sound;  
How weak our plaudits ineffectual lay,  
In such a scene of terror and dismay;—  
Defer we then the theme, till time shall show  
A happy issue to the general woe!  
Till MERCY shall with VICTORY embrace,  
And all be harmony, and wish'd-for peace!  
Then, O my soul! tho' humbler were my fate,  
In PERCY's praise I'll be sublimely great;  
With loud-applauding millions join my love,  
While Heav'n and Earth the rhapsody approve!

ALNWICK.

Forth from such shades should PANEGRIC shine,  
Stealing insensibly from ev'ry line;



So delicately artful, without art,  
 As to ensnare, not to offend the heart !  
 And mark ! that hour of peace and praise draws near,  
 Which frees an anxious nation from its fear—  
 Observe me well !—not fear of WAR's alarm—  
 Whose terrors nerve the valiant BRITON's arm—  
 But from that generous sympathy of mind,  
 That fears to wound their own offending kind !  
 The sacred register my purer sense  
 Not only penetrates, but sees from whence  
 All BRITAIN's glory, and her Joys commence !  
 For since a SACKVILLE's penetrating eye,  
 And mind sagacious, rebel Schemes defy ;  
 Since, scorning CLAMOUR and rude FACTION's voice,  
 He seeks but to approve his SOVEREIGN's choice ;  
 And, SELF abstracted, sees no earthly God,  
 But his own glory, in his country's good !  
 What wond'rous change has happy BRITAIN seen,  
 And how has conquest brighten'd every scene !  
 Whence Fortune, to our hopes, the bliss presents  
 Of speedy Issue to these dire events ;  
 Then with one common ardour, ye may raise  
 Whole hecatombs of off'rings up to PRAISE !

THE RON.

Such pure delights make wrinkled Sorrow gay,  
And steal the soul from anguish and dismay!  
"May their remembrance rigid CARE disarm,  
"And Sorrow vanish at REFLECTION's charm!"

ALNWICK.

Yes! I perceive Joy brightens in his eye,  
And a new day breaks forward in the sky!  
RELIGION hastens to compleat the whole,  
And harmonize the drooping soul!  
Hark! I hear the heavenly lyre—  
Touches of celestial fire!  
Now I see, with vision's aid,  
Swift descend the pure-eyed maid!  
Rose-wing'd cherubs, sons of light,  
Spotless, as their robes of white,  
Crowding fill the happy train,  
See, they light on yonder plain!  
RESIGNATION joins the band,  
And CONTENTMENT, hand in hand!  
CHARITY, and steadfast HOPE,  
To the mind their treasures ope,

See,



See, they enter now the cell,  
And prepare the magic spell!  
Again their numbers strike my ear,  
Charms 'gainst life-corroding CARE!

FIDOR.

What thanks, dear spirit! would thy wisdom's art  
To our glad souls their rapture impart!

ALNWICK.

Attend, and learn!

#### ODE ON CHRISTMASS.

Sons of SORROW! would ye know  
Solacement of every woe!  
Turn, behold! yon glittering star,  
Brightly shining in the East,  
Speaks redemption from afar,

Hail, O hail the sacred guest!

Hail his unbounded grace, who comes to save,  
Thro' worldly pain, fall'a manhood from the grave!

With one accord let all rejoice,

Let Hallelujas swell the voice!

Now the precious Son of Heaven,  
To reinstate  
Man's blessed fate,  
A willing sacrifice himself has giv'n!  
Who then shall dare to murmur, or complain,  
At their short date of sublunary pain,  
Who look to that celestial throne,  
Prepar'd above,  
For all who love,  
And reverence him alone,  
So, thro' his blessing, endless joys attain,  
Where great ELIZA now begins to reign!

CHORUS.

Now's the hour of mirth and feast,  
Hail, O hail the sacred guest!  
With virtue greet his high behest!  
So shall ye reign in joy, superlatively blest!

ALNWICK.

These perfect raptures treasure in your soul,  
No TIME can taint them, and no GRIEF controul!

On



On these reflecting, check each rising strife,  
And spurn the vain, unsolid woes of life!

Now farewell, friends! and may you ever find  
Those sweet sensations dwell upon your mind!

11 7 49

**THE END.**

Now the Son of Heaven,

On these reflecting, check each rising strife,

And spurn the vain, unlovely woes of life!

Now farewell, friends! and may you ever find

Those sweet sensations dwell upon your mind!

Who look to that celestial throne,

Properly prepare

For all who love

And reverence him

So, thus his blessing, endless reign

Where great Jesus now begins to reign!

## THE END

Now the Son of Heaven

On these reflecting, check each rising strife

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